THE DAYSPRING.

"THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH HATH VISITED US."

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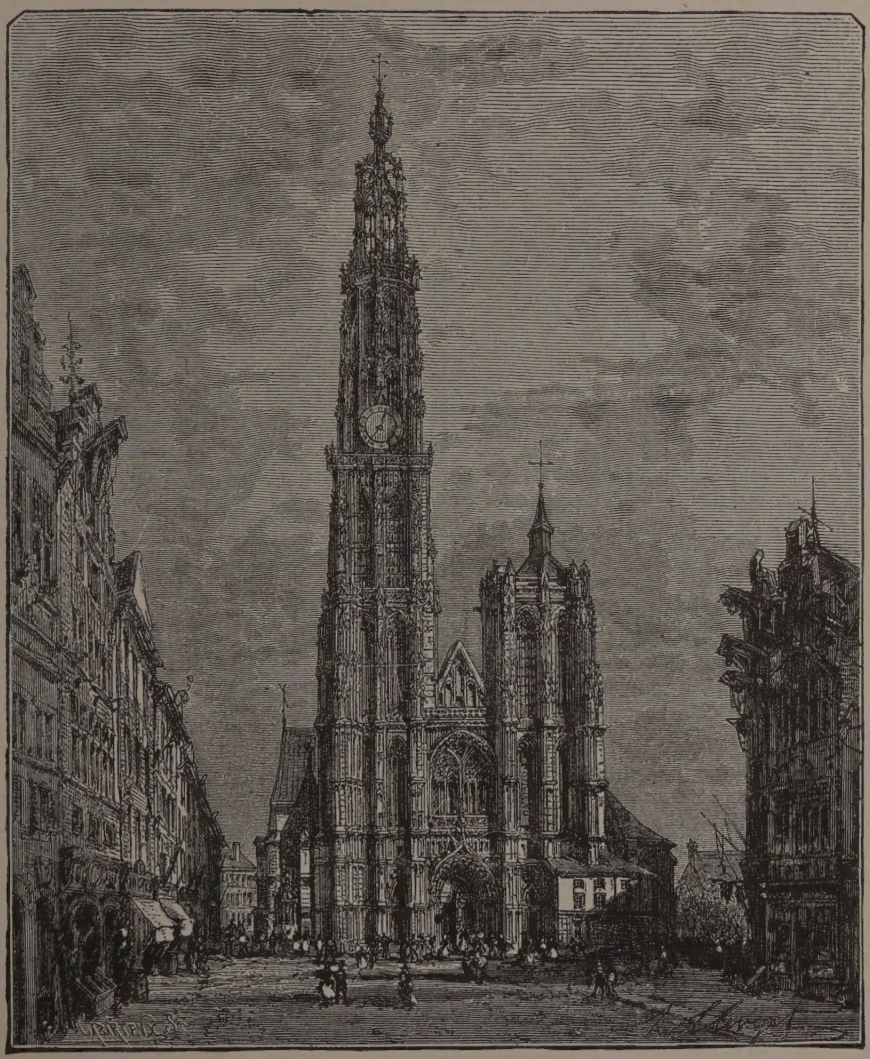


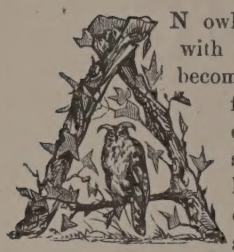
ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

THIS beautiful cathedral is in the city of Antwerp in Belgium. It is one of the noblest Gothic structures in Europe. It is 500 feet long, and 240 feet wide. Its spire is very graceful, and one of the tallest in the world. Within this magnificent building are two pictures more celebrated than the building itself. One of them is called "The Elevation of the Cross;" the other, "The Descent from the Cross." They were painted by Peter Paul Rubens, a noted painter who was born in Antwerp in 1577, and died there in 1640.

For The Dayspring.

OWLS AND OWLETS.

BY LORAINE BUCKLIN.



AN owl is a very solemn-looking bird, with big round eyes, and lately has become a great favorite with artists for illustrations and Christmas or birthday cards. One that was seen in all the shops during the holiday season just past had three owls — a big one, a little one, and a very small baby owl — sitting on the branch of a tree, while behind them rose the moon over the top of a church-tower. They all looked very wise, and you could fancy them singing "tu-whoo-tu-whit-tu-whoo" before they sailed away on noiseless wings for prey.

In England, where the ivy grows so luxuriantly that you can thrust your arm almost its length into the leafy depths before you touch the stone wall the vine covers, the owls build their nests in its branches, and rear their young in undisturbed twilight.

In a little village near the river Thames in England was a church whose walls were covered with ivy so old and strong that its branches, matted and twisted together by overgrowth, would bear the weight of a boy. One boy in the village had learned this fact by experiment, and many a time he climbed to the roof of the church, fearing no harm, but clinging like a bird to rest when weary, and then going on again, till, finally, on the top of the church he could look far away over miles and miles of country.

He was the son of the village grave-digger, a quiet, shy lad, who knew little of merriment; for his mother was dead since he was a baby, and poor little Tom Hirsell, for that was his name, had to live as best he could without much care. He learned early not to expect any indulgence; but, thankful to escape cross words and looks, loved to wander in the woods and fields about his home. His favorite play-ground, however, was the old churchyard.

The ivy-grown walls of the church gave shelter to numerous birds, and Tom made friends with them. They soon found out that he was as shy and gentle as themselves, and hopped fearlessly about him, even taking from his hand the crumbs he spared from the crust of bread that was often his only dinner. Tom would find their nests, and would tame the young birds so that they would come at his call and perch upon his shoulder. One day he found in an angle of the big clock-tower of the church an owl's nest with the mother bird and her owlets, as little owls are called. Mrs. Owl hissed and snapped her bill at Tom to drive him away, but Tom did not go until he laid on the edge of the nest some bits of meat that he happened to have with him for his dinner. Then he climbed down a little way and watched. Mrs. Owl fed her owlets with the meat, and doubtless was thankful to be spared doing her own marketing for that time at least. Tom now began to pay this nest and its occupants very particular attention. He caught field mice and beetles, and climbed up to the nest so often with food for the owlets that finally, when they heard the branches rustle, they would hoot a welcome to their friend. At last he took one of the little birds and made a pet of it for himself. He named it Pope, and it would stay with him for hours, coming at his whistle, nestling on his shoulder, or circling about his head in the twilight before alighting on his hand. A farmer who chanced to see Tom playing with this bird asked him if it would catch mice.

"Indeed he will," answered Tom.

"Bring him over to my barn to-night," said the farmer, "and I will give you a penny for every mouse he catches."

You may be sure that Tom was on hand that night with his owl, and Pope caught enough mice to make his master feel richer than he ever had before in his life. The farmer wanted to buy the owl; but Tom said no, he could not part with Pope, but he would catch and tame another owl for the farmer if he wanted one. The farmer said he would be glad to have one, and after this Tom's fame spread over the country-side; he was called Tom Hirsell the owl-finder, and had no trouble in disposing of the birds he caught and tamed.

Tom grew up tall and lean, quiet and shy as ever, but honest, faithful to his word, and gentle to all whom he met. If he promised a bird to any one, no one else could have it even if they offered three times the price he expected to receive for it. He had no home, but roamed the country over, carrying his birds with him in a large cage. This cage was divided into compartments, and in each a bird was tied to a perch. If Tom found a customer he would take the owls out for his inspection, tell him their good qualities or peculiarities, for he knew their ways, their likes and dislikes.

He was always on the look-out for nests, and would remember where one was, going to it in time to take the owlets while yet young enough to train. The country people fancied that he grew to look like the owls he sold; that he winked his eyes as if the sunlight hurt them, and had a sort of bird-like way of moving his head. As for Tom himself, he declared birds were the best company in the world. In the warm summer nights he would often spend hours watching the owlets in the nest while the old birds were away, accustoming them to the sound of his voice and the touch of his hand. He learned a great deal about their habits, and declared that he sometimes would tame an owlet that as it grew up seemed to be a master or king among the other birds in the cage. If this one hooted or hissed, the others did the same, but when the noise began among the rest this master bird paid no attention to it. Tom knew that often in the same nest there would be the soft, white, downy little owlets and beside them two white

eggs that would by and by hatch out two younger brothers for the family circle. He knew the mother bird because her plumage was brighter than her mate's, and he had often seen her hide part of her prey for another meal when her family had eaten enough. He knew how soft their feathers were, and how noiselessly they could pounce upon a beetle, a mouse, or a smaller bird, and kill it before it was fairly awake.

This was a strange way for Tom Hirsell to earn his living; but it was at any rate one that injured nobody, and helped to save the farmers' grain from rats and mice, who fell an easy prey to his educated owls.

For The Dayspring.

WHO ELSE CAN?

BY ANNA J. HUIDEKOPER.

THE first day of January came on Sunday this year, so Miss H. thought before beginning the lesson she would have a little talk with her boys. She has eleven, but only nine were present that day.

"Now, boys, I want to know if any of you have made good resolutions for the New Year?"

No, they had not thought very much about it.

"Well," continued Miss H., "it is a very good plan the first of a New Year to think over your faults, and to determine to overcome them, particularly your most troublesome fault."

After a little talk about faults. Miss H. said, "I shall not tell any names, but I heard that one of my boys was seen smoking a cigar. I said I did not believe it could be that boy. Have any of you ever smoked?"

Two or three said that they had smoked cigarettes of tobacco, and other kinds.

Miss H. shook her head in disapproval, and remarked in a questioning way, "I wonder, if I asked you to make a promise, whether you would, and be able to keep it. Don't you know that it is a bad habit to get into to smoke? It wastes health and money. If you begin now while you are so young, when you get old enough to see how bad it is for you, then the habit has got hold of you so it is very hard to give it up. Now if you will only promise me not to begin till you are old enough to think about it, I should like it very much. I do not want you to promise if you do not think you can keep it. I will give you till next Sunday to think it over, and then you can tell me whether you will promise me not to use tobacco for five years, — from the first of January, 1882, to the first of January, 1887."

Some of the boys expressed a willingness to promise right off, but Miss H. said she wanted them all to think of it for a week.

"What does a good cigar cost?" asked Miss H.

Some said, "Ten cents;" others said, "Five cents."

"But," added the boys, "those who smoke five-cent ones generally smoke two, so that's just the same."

"Ten cents a day would be how much for a year?" asked Miss H.

"$36.50."

"But on Sundays they generally smoke more than one," added James.

"Well, we will just say one a day," went on Miss H.; "$36.50 a year for five years; just think what a lot of things you could buy. You could buy a nice desk for your room. And would n't you like to have a nice desk in your room? Now what else could you buy?"

"Books." "Clothes."

"Yes, you could get two suits a year."

"A nice picture, and a good many books."

The next Sunday, after the opening exercises, Miss H. said, "I am going to ask each boy. Ward, what have you decided to do?"

Ward said he had forgotten to think of it, and wanted Miss H. to ask some of the others first; so she went to the next, — Frank.

He was n't quite sure. "Ask some of the older boys first," said he.

The next boy was James. "Well, I know he has decided," said Miss H., "for I heard him say so when I came in."

James said in a decided way that he was willing to promise for five years.

Dan was not quite sure yet.

"Charley, you were not here last Sunday, were you?"

"I heard all about it, though," said Charley.

"Well, Robert is the oldest; I will go to him next."

Robert looked doubtful; he thought it a long time for him, — till he was twenty.

The boys wanted to promise, but they had not courage to speak till they knew what the others were going to say. At this point, one boy spoke up, "Let's all speak together." This put them right. Miss H. repeated part of what she had said last Sunday. One boy said, "You make us promise five years, and then we won't want to after that. Why don't you make us promise never to smoke?"

Miss H. laughed. "I should like to, but I won't bind you in that way. I will only ask you to promise not to smoke till you are old enough to use your own judgment; after that I hope you won't want to."

The boys expressed a willingness to promise now, so Miss H. began her questions again.

There were ten boys present, — Ward, Frank C., James, Dan, Charley, Forest, Frank M., Robert, Eddie, and Will. All but the last promised that they would try their best not to be tempted to use tobacco for five years. Will had not been present the last Sunday, and he still hesitated.

"Oh," said Charley, "he will promise. Come, Will, won't you? You know your clock says yes; you feel the pendulum going."

"No," said Miss H., "I don't want him to promise

unless he thinks he can keep it. I will let him think over it for a week. I have the promise of nine boys, and that is very nice. I am very much pleased, and if you all keep your promise there will be nine good men in the world when you grow up, for if you are strong enough to keep such a promise, you will be strong enough to keep out of other bad habits."

Then the boys began to talk of how old they would be. Robert said he would have to wait till he was twenty, while most of the others would be scarcely nineteen.

James spoke up and said if he could wait five years he could wait till he was twenty-one; in fact, he seemed inclined to think he could keep a promise "never to smoke." At this several voices asked Miss H. to make the promise till they were of age, — twenty-one.

Miss H. said she would be delighted to, if they really would like it put that way. Yes, yes, they all wanted it put that way. So Miss H. put the question to all but William, "Will you try your very best not to be tempted to use tobacco till you are twenty-one years old?" Again nine promises.

"Frank W. is not here to-day; I wonder what he is going to do?" remarked Miss H.

"Oh, he will promise," said Charley, "for he said he was going to promise for five years."

"What if we should forget the promise some time?" said one of the boys.

"Well, I expect you to do your very best," answered Miss H.; "that is all you can do. Of course I do not expect to watch you. I trust you."

"Dan," said Charley, "if ever you see me in a crowd getting ready to smoke, just you pinch me."

"How will you know whether we keep our promises?" asked one of the boys.

"If I am alive on your twenty-first birthday, you can each write me a letter and tell me all about it, and what you think of the promise," replied Miss H. "Let me see, Robert will write the first letter." Then followed a little buzz about the order in which the letters would be sent.

Miss H. went home very happy thinking of ten boys who at present were going to try with all their might not to be tempted to smoke even cigarettes.

I suppose there are other boys just as nice as these, but I have not heard about them.

Just think how nice it would be if ten boys in every Sunday-school in the United States, the age of these boys, should promise not to smoke till they were twenty-one years old; what an army of nice young men we would have!

Who else will enlist? These little boys I am writing about are real little boys, and they live in a place called Meadville. There are five Meadvilles in the United States, but if you can find the right one and come to our Sunday-school some afternoon, I can make you acquainted with each little boy I have spoken of.

THE THREE RIDDLES.

A NEW READING OF AN OLD STORY.

From the German.

OVER the door of a cloister the monks had put up this inscription: "We are twopence poorer than the Emperor, and live without anxiety."

The Emperor, riding by one day, read this inscription, and said to himself, "Wait a bit! I will soon give you cause for anxiety!" Then he called to him the prior and said to him, "If you do not within three days answer me the three following questions, you shall lose your office. First, I want to know how deep the sea is; then, how many stars there are in the sky; and lastly, how far good fortune and bad fortune are from each other." So saying, he rode off.

The good prior stood dumfounded and utterly at a loss what to do. He walked all day up and down the garden, and all night up and down his chamber, thinking and thinking till the sweat ran down his face, but could find no answer. His shepherd, seeing this, asked anxiously what ailed his holy master. The prior told him all, and the shepherd said, "I know a way; give me your clothes, and I will stand the Emperor's examination." It was done, and on the third day the shepherd waited at the window till the Emperor rode by, and then he stepped forth.

"Can you answer my questions, Sir Prior?" asked the Emperor; and the shepherd answered loudly, —

"Yes indeed, Sir Emperor!"

"Well, then: How deep is the sea where it is deepest?" asked the Emperor.

"Only a stone's-throw," said the shepherd; and the Emperor laughed and said, —

"Quite right. But how many stars are there in heaven?" asked the Emperor; and the shepherd answered, —

"Just as many as there are leaves on all the trees in yonder forest; and if you will not believe it, then have them counted."

"Yes, that would be a job, to be sure," cried the Emperor; "but you may be right. Now tell me finally, how far good fortune and misfortune are from each other," asked the Emperor; and the shepherd answered, —

"A quarter of an hour, — for a quarter of an hour ago I was only a common shepherd, and now I am only twopence poorer than the emperor."

Then the Emperor peered more closely into his eyes and saw that it was not the prior. But the joke pleased him so well that he said, "If you are the prior, then you shall continue to be the prior;" and so he remained from that time forth.

C. T. B.

HE who blackens others does not whiten himself.

THE DARLING LITTLE GIRL.

Who 's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to see ?
She it is whose sunny face
Is as sweet as sweet can be.

Who 's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to hear ?
She it is whose pleasant voice
Falls like music on the ear.

Who 's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to know ?
She it is whose acts and thoughts
Are as pure as whitest snow.

Who 's the darling little girl
Even Jesus Christ can love ?
She it is who, meek and good,
Daily grows like him above.

Selected.

For The Dayspring.

THE SATURDAY AFTERNOON CLUB.

BY ANNA B. MCMAHAN.

DEAR! we never have any more fun nowadays," said Helen Logan discontentedly, as she looked out of the window one rainy Saturday afternoon in November. "It is too wet to play out of doors, and too cold to play in the barn, and not cold enough to have skating or coasting. I don't see any use in Saturday at all, unless you can go berrying or nutting, or do something besides sit round the house and look out of the window."

"Only six weeks until Christmas," said her mother cheerfully, looking up from her work.

"Yes, but that 's just it. Fanny Allen and I counted it up the other day, and she said if she were a fairy, she 'd wave her wand and these six stupid weeks would disappear, and to-day would be the Saturday before Christmas, and we 'd have our Christmas money in our pockets and be buying presents for the tree."

"There is a fairy who can and will do just those things for you if you wish. She can make six weeks pass like one, and put Christmas money in your pockets. Her name is Employment. Shall we call her in ?"

Helen looked puzzled for a moment, then said, "I see what you mean, mamma, partly. If we were busy, the time would pass quickly, but I don't know how little girls like us could get any money if we worked ever so hard."

"I have a plan," said Mrs. Logan. "The ladies of the church are to have a fair as usual on the 20th of December. I will agree to find room there for anything you may send in, and, if it is pretty or useful and neatly made, I have no doubt it will find a purchaser, for a great many people depend upon this opportunity for buying their Christmas presents. Indeed," continued Mrs. Logan, after a moment's thought, "I do not know why you should not have a children's table, with everything on it made by little girls who, like yourself, don't know what to do with their Saturdays. You could ask them all to come here this afternoon, and, if they like the plan, I will try to think of some things for you to make and you can begin right away. You might call it a club, if you like."

"Oh! that would be just splendid," exclaimed Helen, clapping her hands. "Yes, we 'll have a club, and I 'll be President and Fanny will be Secretary."

"Not so fast," said Mrs. Logan, smiling. "It is for the members of the club to choose their own officers, and you must have a meeting and take a vote first."

"Why, I declare, it has stopped raining and — yes — the sun is shining this very minute," said Helen, as a little ray of sunlight strayed into the room from between the scattering clouds. I 'll go right off and ask the girls now."

So this was the beginning of the club I am going to tell you about. Soon after dinner the little girls began to come. There was Fanny Allen, Helen's particular friend, who lived across the street; Ida Belknap, with her fine dresses and dainty manners; Nora Berry, whose clothes were few and plain, but who was liked by everybody because she was so good-natured and obliging; Kate Collins, bright and full of fun, though "touchy" sometimes, the girls said; Lillie Williams, quiet and gentle, and indispensable in a thing of this kind; and half-a-dozen others, most of them between the ages of nine and twelve; all eager and pleased at the idea of a club, but with very indefinite notions as to exactly what a club might be. Mrs. Logan was there to help them make a beginning, and as she had often shared in their sports before, they felt no restraint but were glad of her assistance.

"The first thing in organizing a society," said Mrs. Logan, "is to elect officers. The chief officer is the President. It will be her duty to open the meetings, conduct the business, and call you to order when you

all want to talk at once or when you neglect your work. Then there must be a Secretary to keep a report of everything that is done, and a Treasurer to take care of the money. Officers are always elected by ballot,—which means that each one writes on a paper the name of the person she wishes for that office, and drops it into a box which is passed for the purpose. Then these papers, called ballots, are examined, and whatever name is found to have been written the greatest number of times is the one elected. Now you may vote for President, and I will say that generally one of the oldest members is chosen for this office."

Mrs. Logan mentioned this fact not only to help them in their choice, but because she thought probably a good many of them might feel as Helen did, "I 'll be President," and as only one person could have the office, the rest would be less disappointed if they felt there was a good reason for another having it.

When the votes were counted it was found that Lillie Williams had all the votes but her own. This was quite right, for she was not only the oldest of the girls, but also one of the most polite and considerate, and politeness and consideration are very necessary for a President.

"Next is the Secretary, and this should be some one who writes well, who likes to write, and who will be apt to come to all the meetings." There were several different names on these ballots, but Helen Logan's was written oftenest and she was declared Secretary. This was a good choice too, for Helen had made great progress since she was five years old and advertised "bunits for sail." She now wrote a plain, neat hand, and her compositions were among the best in school.

"Then for Treasurer you should have some one who won't make mistakes in addition and subtraction, and who will take good care of the money that it don't get lost or stolen." Fanny Allen was elected, because the girls all knew that she was best of all in arithmetic and *never* was known to have a hole in her pocket.

"And now for a name," said Mrs. Logan.

"Busy Bees," said one.

"Helping Hands," "Nimble Fingers," said others.

"Let 's have something with a 'club' to it," said Kate Collins; "sounds kind of grand, you know."

"How would 'The Saturday Afternoon Club' do?" said Mrs. Logan, recalling the circumstances which had suggested the club in the first place.

Everybody liked this name and so it was adopted on the spot.

"I understand, Miss President," said Mrs. Logan, rising and making a low bow to Lillie Williams, sitting in a large arm-chair at the other end of the room, "that this is a club for work, and that the object of this work is to raise money. Now people will not pay for carelessly made articles, therefore the members of this society are expected to do neat work; people will not pay for unfinished articles, therefore no one must begin a second piece of work until the one in hand is finished." (Helen knew very well who this meant, for she had a sad fashion of skipping from one thing to another according to the fancy of the moment.) "People will not pay for shabby articles, therefore hands must be clean and work carefully put away where it will not become soiled." (It was Kate Collins whose cheeks burned now, for everybody knew her way of dropping things wherever she happened to be and never thinking of them until wanted again.) "And now," continued Mrs. Logan, "we may consider ourselves ready for active work. During the week, let each member decide upon some article she would like to make, something not so large or difficult but that she can easily learn to make it if she does not already know how. Talk it over among yourselves as much as you like, so that no two persons will decide upon the same thing, and come here next Saturday with the necessary materials, prepared to begin. If there is no further business to come before the meeting, I move that the society adjourn to the dining-room, where they will find some doughnuts and apples which they are respectfully invited to eat."

This motion was unanimously carried, and immediately a great chattering began, I do assure you, for the glee over the new project and the plans for the next meeting had greater attractions than even the apples and doughnuts, though they did not neglect them either. It was the same all through the week. At recess, they walked about arm in arm and compared notes and told each other what they had decided to make, and the next day they had changed their minds and had all the planning to do over again. After school they went down town and bought perforated cardboard and worsteds and crochet-needles and sewing silk. The enthusiasm spread through pretty much the whole school, and so it happened that a dozen more girls sought and received permission to join the new club, and the Logan parlors were pretty well filled on the next Saturday at two o'clock, when Lillie Williams rapped on the table with her crochet-needle and said, "The meeting will now please come to order."

The Secretary read the minutes, the new members were voted in all at once, and in their own presence, and Mrs. Logan was called in. She had promised to act as general superintendent and adviser about the work. I think she may have been a little surprised to see how this undertaking had grown upon her, but if she was she said nothing, though there was a queer half-smile upon her face as she entered the room. She was pleased to find how much thought they had used, for there was scarcely anyone who had not either brought a pattern to copy, or had not some sort of an idea of her own purposes. Lillie Williams had brought a pretty little thing to hang from the chandelier, as a receptacle for the matches after they had been used to light the gas. It was made of perforated silver cardboard, fitted around an empty, small-sized tin baking-powder box. The cardboard was embroidered with pink floss silk; around its lower edge was gathered a wide pink ribbon, the

other edge of which was drawn up like a bag with a tassel at the bottom. It was made to hang by a narrow pink ribbon. Lillie had brought materials with her to make one like it in blue; the first thing was to embroider the cardboard, and this being a simple Grecian pattern she had no need of help. Kate Collins had a design for a match-scraper, Fanny Allen a catchall, Ida Belknap some toilet mats, and Helen a pincushion. Mrs. Logan suggested that these be worked in the same shade of blue that Lillie had chosen, in order that they might be sold together in a set.

Nora Berry had brought a holder made up of nine square blocks of different colors arranged in the form of a square, lined with a piece of bronze leather and neatly bound with ribbon. She had brought also scraps of bright-colored flannel, silk, and cashmere to piece one in a similar manner. "That is very nice indeed," said Mrs. Logan; "this is just the time when people are beginning to think of holders to handle the blower and shovel and tongs. I shall want two of them myself, and I have no doubt you can dispose of all you can make." Mrs. Logan took pains to praise Nora's choice, in order to make her feel that hers was quite as admirable as the rest. Nora's father was dead, and her mother was too poor to buy silks and worsteds. She made a living for herself and Nora by making dresses; and Nora, like a wise little girl, instead of mourning because she had not money to spend like the rest, had picked up these bright scraps in her mother's work-room and was now about to show her ingenuity by arranging them in the prettiest possible combinations.

Fingers and tongues were busy all the afternoon. Soon after five o'clock it began to grow too dark to see well any longer, so they had a little game of "Puss wants a Corner," and then went home, each carrying with her some bit of work begun.

The girls thought it the most downright fun of anything they had had for a long time; for the Saturday Afternoon Club lasted through nearly all the week. They liked to take their dinners to school, and, after they had eaten, perch on the desks and get out their work-bags; and if it rained when school was dismissed, as it did a good deal that fall, they liked to do the same thing then. The boys were the only dissatisfied ones. They said it was "pokey," because the girls never wanted to play "Rescue" or "I Spy" any more. It was only when some one suggested that they might help along too, and they got to making brackets with their scroll saws and doll's furniture with their carpenters' tools, that they became reconciled to the new order of things.

And so the six weeks went by almost too soon, for the girls were never tired of comparing and admiring, and seeing their stock of pretty things growing larger continually.

The 20th of December came; the Children's Table was a surprise to every one, and to no one more than to the children themselves. For when everything came to be brought together it made a fine show indeed. Beside the varied and numerous articles of their own handiwork, there were some pretty pictures, books, and autograph albums which Fanny Allen's father had given them from his store to sell on commission. That is, he did not give them the things outright, but they were to have a certain part of the money on everything they sold and return to him the things they did not sell. If they sold a picture for sixty cents they were to give him forty cents and keep the other twenty themselves. Then Helen, who loved plants and had a way of making everything grow somehow, had rooted some geraniums and fuchsias and heliotropes, and these helped to beautify the table very much and sold well besides.

Nora's holders were in great demand at fifteen cents apiece. Mrs. Belknap bought the toilet articles in blue for her new blue room. Mrs. Williams took another like it in red, and at the close of the evening there was scarcely a thing left on the table.

This was Friday night. No wonder the girls were eager to get to the meeting the next day and hear from the Treasurer how much money they had. Fanny had everything down in two neat columns of figures, Dr. at the top of one and Cr. at the top of the other, and at the bottom of the Cr. column was written, —

"By cash in hand . . . . . $10.00."

The girls could scarcely believe it. It seemed like a great deal of money to have earned themselves. What should they do with it? To divide it seemed to make nothing of it, although that was the purpose with which they had started out, and, beside, this did not seem easy to do as some had done so much more of the work than others.

"Let's have an oyster supper," said one.

"Let's buy a picture for the Sunday-school," said another.

"Some new books for the library," said a third.

"Order! order!" called the President, tapping vigorously on the table. "Let us hear what every one has to say, but let us hear only one at a time. Helen Logan has the floor."

The girls had learned to regard these little formalities when it was necessary, and accordingly they quieted down enough to hear what Helen had to say.

"Girls, I'm not going to make a speech, but I have something to tell you. One of our most loved and faithful members is not here to-day." (The girls looked round, and some of them noticed for the first time that Nora Berry's seat was vacant.) "She would not be absent without some good reason, and I think I know what that reason is. It is a very, very cold day. You did not think much about it, coming here with warm cloaks and hoods and mittens, but Nora's thin, old shawl would hardly keep out this sharp wind, and I am almost sure she has no other wrap. Her shoes are very much worn, too, and the reason she has not played with us much lately is because she is trying to make them last

until New Year's. Now oyster suppers are nice, and so are pictures and books, but I think the sight of Nora in Sunday-school to-morrow with a new cloak and pair of shoes, would be ever so much prettier than any picture on the wall, and ever and ever so much better than any supper to eat or book to read. What do you say?"

"Why did n't we think of that before?" "Just the thing!" "We 'll do it!" came from different parts of the room, and everybody was so plainly of the same mind that there was no need for the President to call for a vote. It was plain, too, that there was no "other business before the meeting" but to get on wraps and mittens as soon as possible and be off to Hartley's cloak store, for, as the society had earned the money, so the society should spend it, and a committee of the whole would select the cloak.

Hartley's clerks smiled to see such a little army entering the store a few minutes later, but it was served with all the attention its numbers and the importance of the occasion demanded. The President, as spokesman, asked for a cloak for a girl of ten years; it must be very warm and very pretty too, and it must not cost more than $8.00. The fitting was done on Helen, who was exactly Nora's size. There was a very nice dark-gray Havelock, with deep cape, nice buttons, and cord and tassel. This was just the thing, but it cost $10.00, and to get it would leave no money for shoes. When Mr. Hartley understood the case he said he should be glad to do his part in so kind an enterprise, and they might have it for $8.00. This settled it, and the cloak was done up and the line of march taken to the shoe-store. Here, a neat pair of winter walking boots was easily selected, done up and marked like the cloak, "Merry Christmas from the Saturday Afternoons."

Both packages were to be sent after dark to Mrs. Berry's house, and the little company dispersed with many good-byes on their lips and much happiness beaming in their faces.

And the next morning? Well, I don't know how to describe it, unless I repeat Nora's own words: "O girls, it is just so altogether lovely that I can't say one single word."

Boys, never be ashamed of a good habit, like obedience to your parents, respect to the aged, reverence for Sunday and the church, the regular saying of your prayers, and the like. Still more, never fancy that it is manly to be disobedient or irreverent or disrespectful; and *still more*, never imitate the little vices of those older than yourself, even though you only *imitate* them. For some one wisely says: "Feigning virtue will, indeed, never make a man a saint; but *mock wickedness almost always ends by making a man a rascal.*"

He who forbears to take revenge achieves the noblest conquest of his foe.

Teachers' Column.

It is essential that pupils should be regular and punctual. To accomplish this it is necessary sometimes to use a little machinery. What I mean is this, — keep a record: place the pupils, each month, according to regularity and punctuality; make a written report to the parents, in some very simple form, on the subject each month; offer a card or a small prize; especially visit the pupils. There is no reason why a class should not be as regular on Sunday as in secular schools. If a teacher is determined to have a regular, punctual, orderly, and attentive class, and will *work for it*, that sort of a class will be had. Of course the class must be rendered attractive through the affectionate interest and relation of the teachers to the pupils, through a careful watchfulness to establish pleasant relations between classmates, and an interest in the class exercises and those of the whole school. All this implies thought, consultation with others, changing of plan when necessary, and everything which grows out of a determination to make one's class prosperous. — *Selected.*

Teachers, no abiding influence can be secured over any one, unless you possess his affection; no genuine affection can exist without respect; and respect is never conceded save to those evidently and admittedly our superiors in something, — learning, sagacity, force, piety, experience, or weight of character. — *Selected.*

Not a word of pious counsel or heavenly wisdom which the Sunday-school teacher breathes into the ear of the child can ever be lost; and sometime, far on in the course of years, it may awake in the dormitory of the soul, and speak in angel accents, and prevail. — *Rev. E. H. Sears.*

You must have faith in God; and by this I do not mean a general belief of his existence and perfection, but a faith in him as the father and friend of the children whom you instruct, as desiring their progress more than all human friends, and as most ready to aid you in your efforts for their good. You must not feel yourselves alone; you must not think when you enter the place of teaching that only you and your pupils are present, and that you have nothing but your own power and wisdom to rely on for success. You must feel a higher presence. You must feel that the Father of these children is near you, and that he loves them with a boundless love. Do not think of God as interested only in higher orders of beings, or only in great and distinguished men. The little child is as dear to him as the hero, as the philosopher, as the angel; for in that child are the germs of an angel's powers, and God has called him into being that he may become an angel. On this faith every Sunday-school should be built, and on such a foundation it will stand firm and gather strength. — *Channing.*

WASHING-DAY.

IN the picture you see washing going on in earnest. Mrs. Collins has washed a large tubful of clothes and put them on to boil. They are boiling nicely over a big fire, and she is stirring them with her clothes-stick. Pretty soon she will take them out of the boiler, rinse and wring them, and hang them out.

While Mrs. Collins is doing her washing in the back room, her little girls are washing their doll's clothes in the large, old-fashioned kitchen. What a splendid time they are having! Mary has filled the little tub so full that the suds is running down the sides. She is rubbing the clothes with both hands as smart as any Bridget or Margaret could. We hope that she will have a clothes-board before the next washing-day. Little Fannie is helping her. She is rubbing as well as a four-year old girl can, but makes a little harder work of it than Mary, who is as old again. Carrie is hanging out the clothes as fast as Mary and Fannie wash them. Her line is almost full, and she will have to put out another to hold the clothes that are still in the tub. While all this is going on little Alice, the youngest member of the family, has fun enough playing with the big, naked doll whose clothes are being washed.

What good and happy children they all are! What a comfort it must be to their mother to have them play in this pretty way without quarrelling or fretting!

SUNDAY AFTERNOON TALKS.

III. — Slippery Places.

BY WALTER N. EVANS.

I DO enjoy seeing people skate. Perhaps I like it the more because my own achievements in that line are so limited.

Opposite my house is a large garden, in which the children have made a very passable skating-rink; and much they enjoy it, if we are to judge from the joyful shouts and the rosy cheeks which accompany and follow the exercise. As I sit at the window and watch them, they

"Put strange fancies in my head."

Would you like to hear one or two of them?

I find that my youngest little girl can run over the ice without mishap, having on a pair of rubbers; but her elder sister, who is just learning to skate, can scarcely stand on her skates at all; her ankles bend, and her body sways from side to side, and sometimes down she goes.

And so it is in life. We can walk safely over all the slippery places that we need walk over, if we only come upon them with a foot firmly and squarely set. But if we allow some little outside circumstance to lift

us up above ourselves (a little conceit, for instance, that we have some slight advantage, pecuniary or otherwise, over others, — a touch of that "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself"), we lift ourselves above our natural place, and our footing becomes insecure and dangerous. Wisely, indeed, said the broken and disappointed courtier, who spoke out of a long and varied experience: —

"I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?"

There are some on the rink who know how to skate; and it is a great delight to see them gliding wheresoever they will, in a light, easy, graceful way, and with a swiftness that our ordinary unassisted powers cannot attain. These represent the result of hard work and patient endeavor, the *true genius*, that goes through the world successfully because it spares not untiring energy and exertion. Such persons, if lifted above the crowd, are not upset by vulgar self-conceit; but knowing how much effort is required to win success, they are ever ready to lend the helping hand and the cheering voice to those who seem to be lagging in life's race; and so stimulate them to better things.

And this rink puts me in mind of another very suggestive "slippery place," that I have often observed with much interest. This is a rather steep hill, where there is a good deal of traffic; when the sun has melted the surface of the snow a little, and then the frost has come and coated all the road with a thin film of ice, it makes all slippery. You will find that the tumbles are almost limited to the people who are going *down* the hill; whilst those who are walking *up* the hill, whatever may be their difficulty in getting along, still very seldom fall.

Now as we walk through life there are many slippery places, and to those who are going "down-hill" they prove very disastrous; whilst those who have their faces turned upward, and who are making determined efforts for an onward and upward walk, may find the slippery places more or less of a hinderance, but they will seldom "come to grief" because of them.

The sum of all is, when the path of duty seems to lie over a way that is slippery or dangerous or difficult, first satisfy yourself that it *is* the path of duty, and then walk on in full confidence; not with timid step, as if anxious to find what part of the road is the easiest or the most pleasant; but boldly, and with determination, saying, —

"I'll turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride."

Not waiting to see in which way you will have the largest or most interesting company: —

"And heed not thou where other mortals tread,
But let thy gaze be toward the mountain head."

He was a wise man, indeed, who wrote in those far-away days, "He that walketh uprightly walketh surely" (Prov. x. 9).

For The Dayspring.

SOMETHING ABOUT ANTS.

BY ELMER LYNNDE.

"HERE'S a little miserable ant on my cake, and I won't eat it, there!" said Jessie, as she threw the cake, out of which she had just taken a bite, on the table with so much force that the little stray ant was frightened and ran away as fast as possible.

"I am sorry, dear," said her mother, "that the ant has spoiled your cake for you, but I do not think there are any more of those little creatures around, and if you wish you may take another cake," speaking so gently, as mamma always did, that little impulsive Jessie toned down right away.

"Thank you, mamma," she replied; "but I do wish I knew what those horrid little ants were made for. I think it must be to bother people, and make them sick. Oh, suppose I had eaten it!" and Jessie gave a shrug of intense disgust.

"Why, my dear, you have no idea what wonderful little creatures they are, and I am sure they could teach us many a lesson, and perhaps that is what they were made for. Sit down, and I will tell you some astonishing things they do, and perhaps afterward the sight of one poor little lonely ant will not shock you so, even if it is on your cake.

"There are a great many different kinds of ants, one of the most intelligent being the leaf-cutting ants, and I am sure you would be interested in watching them, as a great many learned men have been. They come in a procession to the tree where they are to work, then crawl up to an inviting-looking leaf and cut it partly off with their sharp little jaws, and then pull and twist at it until they tear it from the tree. Sometimes the leaves drop to the ground, and another set of workmen carries them off, but generally each little leaf-cutter marches proudly homeward, carrying its little trophy over its head; those on the home march keeping to one side of the road, while the fresh procession of workers marches steadily on the other side."

By this time Jessie was so interested that she was all eyes and ears, and begged her mamma to go on, as she paused for breath, exclaiming at the cunning little workers, and saying that it sounded just like a fairy tale.

"How can those little creatures know so much, mamma?"

"The same Being, my dear, who made you and gave you a mind also made those tiny creatures, and provided them with that wonderful instinct which seems almost like the working of a tiny brain."

"Well, mamma, what use do the ants make of their leaves when they get them home?"

"On arriving with their loads, they hand them over to other ants who have stayed at home and kept house; and these go to work and cut them up into very small pieces and stow them away, and after a while, a kind of fungus makes its appearance on the moulded leaves, and this the ants use as a sort of vegetable."

"The dear little cunning things!" said Jessie. "How I would like to watch them at work; but what kind of houses do they live in, mamma? You have not told me anything about those."

"The red ant, like the one that disturbed you a short time ago, builds its house, or rather makes its nest, in the ground. It is a very simple little home, not nearly as fine as those made by other tribes of ants; but although this little creature is not remarkable for intelligence it manages to excavate a hole of some size, in which it makes a few little rooms and passage-ways."

"Some ants build very large houses on the outside of the ground, and travellers have often seen them ten or fifteen feet high. But it is getting late, Jessie, and your music teacher will soon be here; so run upstairs and smooth your hair and be in readiness for her. Another time I will tell you more about those wonderful little workers, or buy a book on the subject that you may read for yourself."

For The Dayspring.

AN UPWARD FLIGHT.

A LITTLE girl sat one day by the side of a beautiful river sewing. By her side lay a doll, a doll's carriage, and a trunk. At her feet, intently watching the blue waves, was a little black-and-tan dog. Every now and then he would look up at his little mistress, and wink because the sun shone in his eyes. Suddenly he sprang up and gave a quick succession of barks, and jumped into the water as far as he could go and be able to stand upon his feet. The little girl, attracted by his barks, looked up to behold a beautiful white-winged bird soaring toward the sky. Soon it flew so high that only a white speck in the air could be discerned; and then it was lost to sight altogether. The child laid her work in her lap and sat thinking. After a while she got up and said, "Why can I not be like that white bird, and take an upward flight, instead of going down, down, down? But how must I *begin?*" She thought awhile and exclaimed, "I know what I will do, I will go home and help mother." With this determination she began to prepare to go home. While she was gathering up her things, she murmured, "Too much play and no work is a bad rule."

While she is taking a pleasant walk home, by the side of the river whose banks are dotted with daisies, violets, and all kinds of wild flowers growing on a carpet of green shaded by beautiful trees, from whose branches hang birds' nests of many descriptions, I will tell you something about her home and friends.

This little girl's name is Adelaide. She has no father; and her mother lives in a pretty little cottage amidst a grove of oak-trees. The wild jessamine and honeysuckle clamber over its walls, and the birds sing sweetly every day. Here is Adelaide's home, and here she spends many happy days. She is the oldest, but by no means the tallest; she has a brother and sister taller than herself. She is nearly fourteen years old, and is very small for her age. The youngest is but two, a little, rosy, sweet girl; and when she laughs it is enough to make all around her laugh. The next is a dark-eyed, light-haired boy of seven; the other two are twins of twelve, both of these taller than Adelaide.

When Adelaide's mother saw her coming in at the back gate, she was frightened, and went out to meet her. "Why, my daughter, are you sick," she said, "that you are coming home so early? I thought you were at James's Cove sewing for your doll."

"Yes, mamma, so I was, but I thought I would come home and help you; and mamma, do you know that I am going to be good now, and never be cross to the children, but help you nicely?"

Now Adelaide had not always been good to the younger children; sometimes she had treated them in a very cross and rough way. They were not prepared for any change in her treatment of them, and when their mother said, "Come, Adelaide, take baby upstairs and dress her for dinner, please; and then you can brush Johnny's hair," Johnny began to pout and say, "I don't want Addie to do anything for me, she is so cross and does it so roughly;" and baby began to fret. But when Addie said pleasantly, "Come, baby and Johnny, I have something for you," Johnny said, "Well, I suppose I 'll let her." And when she told them a nice story, and gave them some lemon-drops, they said that "they thought Addie was real nice."

The next day their mother was very much surprised and pleased when they both said "they wished Addie would dress them always." After that the other children found out how kind she had become, and it was pleasant to see them all following her upstairs, she at their head, with baby in her arms, telling them about a pretty little girl who was always looking at herself in the glass.

And, as Addie had wished, she mounted higher and higher, until one day she lay on her bed looking like a beautiful angel, as she now *was*, for Addie had soared above this world of ours, and was singing with the other angels around our Father's throne.

Like the beautiful white dove she flew,
Till into a beautiful angel she grew.

D. P. S., aged 12 years.

For The Dayspring.

LITTLE FRED.

We have lost our little Freddie;
Have you seen him anywhere?
With his eyes the tint of heaven,
And his pretty auburn hair?

He had cheeks like blushing roses
When they 're gathered in the dew;
And his lips were red as cherries
Brimming o'er with kisses too.

He had pretty snow-white blossoms
All about his little form,
When he went away and left us
In the darkness and the storm.

We have hunted in the orchard,
Where he loved to go and play,
We have searched the barn and meadow
But he is not there to-day.

You would know him if you saw him
By his laughing happy face;
By his voice so full of music,
And his form so full of grace.

Who enticed our darling from us?
Who is keeping him away?
Neither prayers nor tears nor kisses
Could prevail on him to stay.

Does he know how much we loved him,
That our hearts are aching so?
How we miss his sweet "good-morning,"
And how hard to let him go!

We have called, but ah! no answer!
We have hunted everywhere.
Now we know he must be hiding
In his Father's love and care.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

For The Dayspring.

A COOKING-CLASS.

"A COOKING-CLASS, mamma! Do you mean that the children really cook in school time? Is there any such thing? Where?"

"What question shall I answer first, Annie?" said the mother, laughing, and twining her fingers in the soft curls that touched her shoulder, as the eager little girl leaned against her.

"Yes: in some village schools in Ireland, there is a cooking-class, taught by young ladies from some of the best families in the neighborhood. I will tell you about one that a friend of mine saw when she was travelling in Ireland. You remember Mrs. Palmer; I have just received a letter from her. She was very much interested and pleased with the class she saw.

"They had a large table in the centre of the room, two cooking-stoves on one side, and wide shelves along the walls. Bright kettles and saucepans, bowls, plates, and chopping-trays, all clean and in order, were ranged along these shelves. Wooden pegs, too, in the wall, held every kind of small cooking-utensil, such as strainers, sieves, dredging-boxes, and biscuit-cutters.

"The girls, tidily dressed, gathered around the table, busy and merry. Even little girls of nine or ten were at work; one chopping Australian meat; another, thyme and parsley.

"One young girl rolled pie-crust; another sliced potatoes; a third cut beef. Their work was so arranged that no one interfered with another; not that any one had the same part of the work to do every day, — of course that would prevent their ever learning to be good cooks, capable of getting a dinner alone, — but they take the different parts of the cooking in turn.

"To-day, for instance, one mixes pastry; a second rolls it and cuts it in strips; a third lines a number of little dishes; a fourth puts in the sliced potatoes and beef; a fifth seasons, and pours in a little water to make gravy; a sixth lays the top-crust over the dishes, with some small ornament, such as a rose and leaves. Then the potato pies are carried to the bakers.

"When they make croquettes, some chop the Australian meat; others flavor it with onions, pepper, and salt. Some line the tins; others fill and cover them. Other girls still turn them out, dip them in egg and bread crumbs, and fry them in hot fat.

"Three, perhaps, are busy with baked apple-dumplings; others measuring mince-meat and making 'rissoles,' said to be very nice; another party engaged, in like fashion, with ginger-nuts.

"Now and then one hurries to the stove, to 'look at her cake,' or 'stir her stew,' or 'see that her pudding does not boil dry.' They work with an eager industry and real interest.

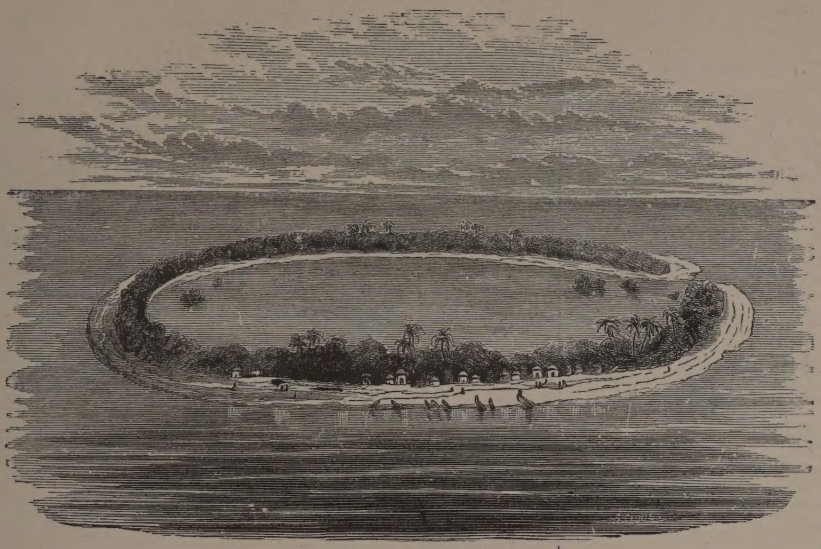
"At half-past twelve the table is cleared of cooking-utensils, and the cloth spread. Every young girl dishes and serves her own cookery.

"There are stews and soups; potato pies; rissoles and croquettes; beefsteak pudding, boiled bread pudding; ginger-nuts and currant cakes; currant dumplings, apple dumplings, — a host of good things.

"The food is sold at low prices. A dozen little children come in and eat their dinner. Many come and buy dinners to carry home, bringing jugs for soup, and plates for other things. The young cooks buy their own dinner, and seem to eat it with especial relish.

"The young ladies who teach them wear white aprons and sleeves, and the pretty French cap. They are very kind to the girls, praise and encourage them, and show them the neatest, quickest, and most economical ways of cooking. This training will be of priceless value to them in after years, and in their own homes. It costs the ladies about two shillings a week, besides their time and work.

"For a few years past, cooking has been taught in some of our American cities in a similar way. The experiment has so far been successful, and bids fair to do a great deal of good." M. O. J.



CORAL ISLANDS.

IN the Pacific Ocean there are hundreds of coral islands, like the one you see in the picture. They are called *atolls*, and consist of a circular or oval strip of land nearly or quite enclosing a body of water, called a *lagoon*. Wonderful as it seems, these strange-shaped islands, many of them large enough to be inhabited, are the work of animals, — not of great animals, like elephants, or vultures, or crocodiles, or whales; not of animals having hands and feet, like monkeys; but of animals lower down in the scale of being than reptiles, or fishes, or worms. For these wonderful islands are built by little inhabitants of the sea called *polyps*. They have neither hands nor feet; they can neither see nor swim; and yet millions of them, working together, can, in the course of ages, rear islands in the ocean which bear flowers and fruits, and become dwelling-places for men.

We cannot stop to tell you *how* these islands are built by polyps. Many of you will find that your parents or teachers can tell you how these little creatures do it. What we wish to tell you is that there is great power in littles, and that they are better worth heeding than you think. A few years ago the Sunday-school children of the United States built a missionary ship, and it is now sailing among the islands of the Pacific which the polyps have built; but no child, we believe, gave more than ten cents. In Boston, that excellent institution called the "Children's Mission" is supported largely by children who give a cent a week for the purpose. In a story in this number of the "Dayspring" it is shown that if a boy spends ten cents a day for cigars, he will spend $36.50 a year; and that this amount would buy many things which any boy would like to have. We hope that this story will be read by every boy and every one who teaches boys. In another story we are told how much good was done by a few girls who formed a Saturday afternoon club. The result was well worth achieving, but it came only by putting many littles together. In still another story a lady begins to tell how much was accomplished by the co-operation of a few children who wished to help those less fortunate than themselves. What the result was will appear in our next number.

None of us have the chance to do many great things, and if we had it would not be these so much as the little things that would form our character and shape our destiny. The little deeds that we do, the little words that we speak, the little thoughts and feelings that we cherish, the little habits that we form, are what make us good or bad, happy or miserable, useful or useless.

For The Dayspring.

ENTOMOLOGICAL ALPHABET.

Q.

We said, you know,
That the letter O
Was one of the rolling stones
That give more thumps
Than the rooted stumps,
To the insect-poet's bones.

But now, alas!
We 've come to a pass —
Say, rather, impassable wall —
That seems to call down,
With a quizzical frown,
"No getting by *me* at all!"

For what to do
With the letter Q,
I own, is a puzzle to me;
For no insect's name
This initial can claim
In earth or air or sea.

I 've racked my brain,
But all in vain;
I 've searched the books quite through;
But not a soul
In the insect-roll
Cries "Here!" at the letter Q.

Well, there 's often found
A way to go round
What can't be got over or through;
And, may be, we can
Carry out this plan
With the difficult letter Q.

Thus: *Quercus* means oak
In the tongue men spoke
In Rome some ages ago;
And many a kind
Of oak we find,
As the youngest children know.

Well, there 's one oak-tree,
Found over the sea,
Quercus infectoria named,
Whereon grows a *gall*,
A kind of rough ball
Whose uses are widely famed.

Thus, ink is made
With the oak-gall's aid, —
Not "writing-fluid," but ink, —
Ink black as jet,
Not violet,
Red, green, blue, purple, or pink.

"But what, we pray,"
Some children will say,
"With insects has this to do?"
Have patience, friends!
When our story ends,
The meaning will shine through.

'T is the gall-fly's bore
Makes the oak-leaf sore,
Till it swells to the oak-gall-nut,
And there sits the bug,
All safe and snug,
Deep housed in his rough, round hut.

Quercus musca we 'll call
This maker of gall
(Dog-Latin for oak-fly, you know),
And thus we screw
Through the letter Q,
Though our course has been somewhat slow.

From a wounded tree,
There flows, you see, —
Thanks to the gall-fly's bore! —
A good black ink,
That what men think
May be carried from shore to shore.

"The farthest way round"
Is often found
"The nearest way home," they say;
By persevering,
And careful steering,
We 've proved it so to-day.

C. T. B.

FOUR IMPORTANT TRUTHS.

It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong.

It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich.

It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned.

It is not what they profess, but what they practise, that makes them righteous.

For The Dayspring.

CO-OPERATION;

OR, HOW "A LITTLE LEAVEN LEAVENED THE WHOLE LUMP."

"WHAT does it mean?" I inquired of three little children who were receiving pennies from their father. It was Saturday evening; their father, Mr. Waverley, had just come home from his office; the gas had just been lighted, and the table was being laid for supper, when the children, Jenny, Harry, and Alice, gathered about him. "Six for me," said Harry; "Four for me," said Alice; and "Five for me," said Jenny.

As the father gave the money to each one, it was put into a closed box that each child held in his hand; after a shake there was a delightful jingle, and the boxes were restored to the closet whence they had been taken. I learned that "Papa gave us money on Saturday evening" — as Alice explained — "when we have n't missed in spelling, — a cent for every day when we have had perfect lessons. And we keep the account," she added.

That was a happy evening; and they were encouraged to do still better next week.

"What are you going to do with the money?" was my next question.

"Christmas!" shouted Alice.

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"That we are going to buy Christmas presents for each other!" came in a gleeful voice.

Saturday evenings passed, one after another, and I had the pleasure of seeing them receive their little sums of money. A week before Christmas, the money was shaken out of each little box through the slit by which it had been slipped, and each one was gratified by finding more than was expected; then followed many little talks with mamma, as to what each one could get for the others that would give them pleasure; and how they could spend their money to the best advantage, — a few cents for this present, and a few for another, and so on. The children were too young to buy the presents themselves, so their mother did it for them. While they were studying what they should choose, they practised each day a Christmas carol.

The very day before Christmas had actually arrived, and the last preparations were being made.

"Please hang your stocking on the door-knob," said they to me, as they were going to bed.

"I do not think it would be of any use for any but you little children," I replied.

"Oh, please *do*," they said in answer; so I did.

The next morning early I heard their eager voices as they were searching for presents, and then their

expressions of delight; after a while, and before it was light, I heard their Christmas carol, in which their father and mother joined. When I opened my door, there was my stocking well filled with little gifts that they had learned would suit my taste. At the breakfast table was a stick of ice-cream candy under each plate; and, about the room, the much-desired sled that Harry had wanted, together with games, toys, and books for each one. In the evening Uncle James came in, and there were games of casino and logomachy; and so ended this long-talked-of festival.

Many times afterward these children referred to the pleasure of this day; and their hearts became so enlarged by it, that they began to think whether they could do something to help those children of whom they had been told, who had n't any father or mother, or any home even, but were gathered into a large house called the "Children's Mission." "Could they not earn some money in some way," they asked, "that would be their very own, to send them, so that they too might have some good times?"

"Yes, they could," their mother said; "and perhaps other children in the neighborhood would like to unite with them in this good work for this good purpose."

They asked their playmates, and found they would like to unite in this plan very much. What they did, and how they succeeded, I will tell you in the next number.

A. H. McK.

For The Dayspring.

THE SCHOOL-MATES.

BESSIE LINCOLN was crying. Mamie Jones, one of the school-girls, had asked her what she wore cat's fur on her dress for, looking at her poor gray alpaca which had been lengthened out with faded plush; then laughing heartily at what she considered a smart thing, she smoothed her own soft woollen dress, tied anew her handsome sash, and whirling around sang, —

"My grandmother lived on yonder little green,
As handsome a lady as ever was seen," &c.

Poor Bessie could not keep the tears from falling. That very morning she had not been able to get her lessons because baby was so cross, and she must take care of him in order that the mother could finish the sewing which gave them their scanty bread and milk; and now her rank would be low, when she had studied so hard to get number nine.

"Spunky, are n't you," laughed Mamie, as she saw the tears rolling down Bessie's cheeks. "Feels pretty nice with her dress trimmed with cat's fur; and then her lessons were so perfect! Guess your cold potatoes and skim-milk froze your brain! Nice breakfast, was n't it?"

"Mamie Jones, you 're too bad to say such things!" said Laura Munroe. "It is mean and small."

"Hoity-toity! and pray who is Miss Munroe?" asked Mamie, in a mocking tone. "Her father is a street lamplighter, and her mother scrubs at the tub for cold potatoes too."

Just then the bell rang for the close of recess, and the girls filed in to their seats.

Bessie Lincoln tried in vain to study. Her head ached badly, and the figures of her mathematical problems swam before her eyes. She tried her map lesson, but Minnesota and South Carolina seemed to have changed places. A glance at the sleeves of her dress brought back Mamie's taunting words, although she endeavored not to think of them. At noon her pale face and the little she ate for dinner disturbed her anxious mother, whose chief joy and hope in this life were centred in her; but Bessie divulged nothing, and tried to smile and be gay and help all she could; but the little face grew paler day by day, until a sick child was laid on the bed.

In the many delirious hours that followed, Mrs. Lincoln would often hear mutterings about low rank, cat's fur, cold potatoes, &c.; but not until many months after did she learn what it all meant, although she suspected her sensitive child had been wounded in spirit.

Bessie's fever ran high, and the doctor's skill was of no avail; and the heart-broken mother saw her hope and comfort taken from her, and asked why did God so bereave her.

Again it was recess at Bessie's school, and the girls were gathered in little groups talking of their schoolmate's death.

"She was as good as gold, and always looked neat, if her clothes were n't as nice as ours," said one.

"And how hard she studied, hoping to teach by and by, and help her mother, who works so hard!" said another.

"I wonder how Mamie Jones feels," added a third. "They say Bessie kept talking about her poor dress, cold potatoes, and cat's fur, and so on. I should think she would feel badly."

And Mamie Jones did feel badly, but she said not a word to any one. Bessie's tearful face and fragile form seemed ever beside her. She tried to shake it off, but day after day she grew pale brooding over it, until she told her mother the story, and asked if she might give her allowance of pocket money every month to help Mrs. Lincoln to have an easier lot. Perhaps she could atone for the thoughtless words that might have caused Bessie's illness.

And Mrs. Lincoln's life has been made easier and happier by Mamie's interest and devotion to her; but not until the girl had become almost as dear as a daughter did she fully understand why, and hear the story from Mamie's lips.

Just under the looking-glass in Mamie Jones's room, there is a card pinned on the wall with these words written on it.

BESSIE LINCOLN, DIED Dec. 4, 1880.
MAMIE JONES, BORN Jan. 1, 1881.

P. L. W.

THE NEW BOAT.

Here you see a new boat which Charlie and Ned have just finished. Do you know why it sails so well? It is because the boys were interested in making it, and tried hard to do their best. The secret of success in anything, no matter whether it be work or study or play, lies in being interested in it, and trying hard to succeed. Let all boys and girls remember this.

A DOUBLE NUMBER.

It will be seen that the present number of the "Dayspring" contains sixteen pages, instead of eight, the usual number. Nothing could please us better than to send out such a paper every month, and this shall be done as soon as the number of our subscribers and the amount of money in our treasury justify it. We urge the friends of the "Dayspring" to use their influence in the first place to increase its subscription list as much as lies in their power, and in the second place to secure a generous contribution to the Unitarian Sunday-School Society from the parish with which they are connected.

A SERVICE FOR EASTER.

An excellent Easter concert exercise for the use of Sunday-schools has been published by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society. Specimen copies sent on application at the office, 7 Tremont Place, Boston.

Parents' Column.

Every parent is solemnly bound to give his children religious instruction, and to secure to himself for it a portion of Sunday. Many men say, as an excuse for attending church but half of the day, "I want a part of the day with my children;" and I think this is all very well, and I sympathize with it, provided it is not a mere get-off, or if they do something more than merely amuse themselves with them. I say that is just what every man does want; a part of the Sunday with his children, in which he shall be, not their playmate, not their companion, but their religious teacher; and you may depend upon it we are neglecting one of our first duties, when we neglect to secure and use a part of Sunday for just this thing. — *Rev. J. F. Wallace.*

Men glory in raising great and magnificent structures, and find a secret pleasure to see trees of their own planting grow up and flourish; but surely it is a greater and more glorious work to build up a man; to see a youth of our own planting, from the small beginnings and advantages we have given him, grow up into a considerable fortune, take root in the world, and shoot up to such a height, and spread his branches so wide that we who first planted him may, ourselves, find comfort and shelter under his shadow. — *Tillotson.*

If we work on marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds; if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and our fellow-men, — we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity. — *Daniel Webster.*

A great step is gained when a child has learned that there is no necessary connection between liking a thing and doing it.

Something is wanted that is better than teaching, something that transcends mere effort and will work, — the loveliness of a good life, the repose of faith, the confidence of righteous expectation, the sacred and cheerful liberty of the Spirit, — all glowing about the young soul, as a warm and genial nurture, and forming in it, by methods that are silent and imperceptible, a spirit of duty and religious obedience to God. This only is Christian nurture, the nurture of the Lord. — *Horace Bushnell.*

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